THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A PECULIAR POSITION—HOW IT IS FILLED—MR. BIGGAR AND H. R. H.—IN POLITICS AND SOCIETY.

Westminster, October 3.

We in this country have grown accustomed to the existence of the Prince of Wales, and his personality, real and fabulous, is not unfamiliar on your side of the Atlantic. But if we come to think of it, it is a very strange phenomenon. The only way to realize its immensity is to conceive its creation to-day, supposing that heretofore through the history of England there had been no such institution. A child is born in accidental circumstances and with chance connections that might just as reasonably have fallen to the lot of some other entity. He grows from childhood to youth into manhood, and through all the stages, with increasing devotion and deference, he is made the object of reverential solicitude. All his wants are provided for, even anticipated. He is the first person to be considered wherever he goes. Men who have won renown in Parliament, in the camp, in literature, doff their hats at his coming, and high-born ladies curtsey. It is all very strange; but so is the rising of the sun and the sequence of the moon. We grow accustomed to everything, and take the Prince of Wales, like the Solar system, as a matter of course.

Reflection on the singularity of his position, leads to sincere admiration of the manner in which the Prince of Wales fills it. Take it for all in all, there is no post in English public life so difficult to fill, not only without reproach but with success. Day and night the Prince lives under the bullseye light of the lantern of a prying public. He is more talked about, written about, and pulled about than any Englishman, except, perhaps, Mr. Gladstone. But Mr. Gladstone stands on level ground with his countrymen. If he is attacked or misrepresented, he can hit back again. The position of the Prince of Wales imposes upon him the impassivity of the target used in ordinary rifle practice. Whatever is said or written about him, he can make no reply, and the happy result which in the main follows upon this necessary attitude suggests that it might with advantage be more widely adopted. Probably in the dead, unhappy night when the rain was on the roof and the Tranby Croft scandal was on everybody's tongue, the Prince of Wales had some bad quarters of an hour. But whatever he felt or suffered he made no sign. To see him sitting in the chair on the bench in court whilst the trial was proceeding, no one, not having prior knowledge of the fact, would have guessed that he had the slightest personal interest in the affair. There was danger of his even overdoing the attitude of indifference. But he escaped it and was exactly as smiling, debonnaire and courtly as if he were in his box at the theatre watching the development of some quite other dramatic performance. He has all the courage of his race and his long training has steeled his nerves.

It would be so easy for the Prince of Wales to make mistakes that would alienate from him the affection which is now his in unstinted measure. There are plenty of precedents and a fatal fulness of exemplars. Take, for example, his relation with political life. It would not be possible for him now, as a Prince of Wales did at the beginning of the century, form a Parliamentary party and control votes in the House of Commons by cabals hatched at Marlborough House. But he might, if he were so disposed, in less occult ways, meddle in politics. As a matter of fact, noteworthy and of highest honor to the Prince, the outside public have not the slightest idea to which side of politics his mind is biassed. They know all about his private life, what he eats, and how much, how he dresses, whom he talks to, what he does from the comparatively early hour at which he rises to the decidedly late one at which he goes to bed. But in all the gossip daily poured forth about him there is never a hint as to whether he prefers the politics of Tory or Liberal, the company of Lord Salisbury or Mr. Gladstone. In a country where every man in whatever station of life is a keen politician, this is a great thing to say for one in the position of the Prince of Wales.

This absolute impartiality of attitude does not arise from indifference to politics or to the current of political warfare. The Prince is a Peer of Parliament, sits as Duke of Cornwall, and under that name figures in the division lists on the rare occasions when he votes. When any important debate is taking place in the House he is sure to be found in his corner seat on the front Cross Bench, an attentive listener. Nor does he confine his attention to proceedings in the House of Lords. The present Parliament has been so systematically free from heroic conflicts as to fall under the imputation of being dull. The Prince of Wales has accordingly avoided its precincts. But in the last Parliament there was no more familiar figure than his seated in the Peers' Gallery over the clock, with folded hands irreproachably gloved, resting on the rail before him as he leaned forward and watched with keen interest the sometimes tumultuous scene. Thus he sat one afternoon in the spring of the session of 1875. He had come down to hear a speech with which his friend, Mr. Chaplin, was known to be primed. The House was crowded in every part, a number of peers forming the Prince's suite in the gallery, while the lofty figure of Count Munster, German Ambassador, towered at the Prince's right hand, divided by the partition between the Peers' Gallery and that set apart for distinguished strangers. It was a great occasion for Mr. Chaplin, who sat below the gangway visibly pluming himself and almost audibly purring in anticipation of coming triumph. But a few days earlier the eminent orator, who is now Minister of Agriculture, had the misfortune to incur the resentment of Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar. All unknown to him, Joseph Gillis was now lying in wait, and just as the Speaker was about to call on the orator of the evening, the Member for Cavan rose and observed: "Mr. Speaker, Sir, I believe there are strangers in the House." The House of Commons, tied and bound by its own archaic regulations, had no appeal against the whim of the indomitable Joey B. He had spied strangers in due form and out they must go. So they filed forth, the Prince of Wales at the head of them, the proud English Peers following, and by another exit the envoy of the most potent sovereign of the Continent, representative of a nation still flushed with the overthrow of France—all publicly and peremptorily expelled at the raising of the finger of an uneducated, obscure Irishman, who, when not concerned with the affairs of the Imperial Parliament, was curing bacon at Belfast and selling it at enhanced prices in the Liverpool market.

The Prince of Wales bore this unparalleled indignity with the good-humor which is one of his richest endowments. He possesses in rare degree the faculty of being amused and interested. The British workman, who insists on his day's labor being limited by eight hours, would go into armed revolt if he were called upon to toil through so long a day as the Prince habitually faces. Some of its engagements are terribly boring, but the Prince smiles his way through what would kill an ordinary man. His manner is charmingly unaffected, and through all the varying duties and circumstances of the day he manages to say and do the right thing. It is not a heroic life, but it is in its way a useful one, and must be exceedingly hard to live. Watching the Prince of Wales moving through an assemblage, whether it be as he enters a public meeting or as he strolls about the greensward at Marlborough House on the occasion of a garden party, the observer would get some faint idea of the strain ever upon him. You can see his eyes glancing rapidly along the line of the crowd in search of some one whom he can make happy for the day by a smile or a nod of recognition. If there were some one there who might expect the honor, and who was passed over, the Prince knows full well how sore would be the heart-burning. There is nothing prettier at the garden party than to see him walking through the crowd of brave men and fair women with the Queen on his arm. Her Majesty used in days gone by to be habile enough at the performance of this imperative duty laid upon Royalty of singling out persons for recognition. Now, when he is in her company, the Prince of Wales does it for her. Escorting her, bare-headed, through the throng, the Prince glances swiftly to right or left, and when he sees some one whom he thinks the Queen should smile upon he whispers the name. The Queen thereupon does her share in contribution to the sum of human happiness. It is, as I began by saying, all very strange if we look calmly at it. But, in the present order of things, it has to be done. It is the Prince of Wales's daily work, and it is impossible to conceive its accomplishment with fuller appearance of real pleasure on the part of the active agent.

H. W. L.

AN EMPEROR IN PRISON.

JAPAN'S "FATHER DAMIEN"—TAX OF BLOOD IN THE PYRENEES.

Paris, October 6.

The number of persons of sovereign rank hidden away from public view in magnificent but mysterious imprisonment, and which comprises King Otto of Bavaria, Empress Charlotte of Mexico, Sultan Murad of Turkey and Khedive Ismail of Egypt, has recently received an addition through the incarceration in an Algerian palace of the Emperor of Annam. About two years ago he was deposed from his throne by the French authorities and exiled to Algiers, where, however, he was allowed a large pension and entire freedom of all restraint, conditional on his making no attempt to leave the colony. Of this liberty he availed himself to the fullest extent. He was present at all the official and social entertainments arrayed in the most faultless of European evening dress, frequented the principal cafes, restaurants and theatres, and rode about on a bicycle. Moreover, he has become an expert amateur photographer, and has also been taking lessons in painting.

Apparently, the French Government has received information that he has been making plans for his escape and for his return on board an English vessel to his Empire in the Far East. For suddenly, without the slightest warning, he has been deprived of his liberty, and has been conveyed under close arrest to Medeah, a town in the interior, where he is in future to be kept strictly guarded. The precautions of the French authorities are not altogether surprising. For the return of the young Emperor to Annam at this juncture would prove a source of great embarrassment to the Paris Government, and probably would involve an expenditure of much French blood and treasure.

News has just been received here of the death near Yokohama of a young Roman Catholic priest of Japanese birth who was educated at the great seminary of St. Sulpice in this city. His name was Father Testevinde, and for six years past he has been known to fame as the Japanese "Father Damien." In 1886, during his missionary labors in the interior, he came across a case of leprosy which so aroused his feelings that he determined to give himself up to the task of ameliorating the condition of those of his countrymen afflicted with the dreadful malady. At that time there were no leper hospitals in Japan, and the ordinary hospitals very naturally declined to receive any patients suffering from the disease. Accordingly he set to work to provide for the organization of establishments of this kind, and having succeeded in awakening public sympathy he collected sufficient money to build on the lower slopes of the great Mount Fujiyama a leper hospital which is now in full working order. Not content with this, he established two other hospitals of the same character, one in the north and the other in the south of Japan, where lepers receive proper care and treatment, and are no longer left to perish alone, abandoned by both man and beast. Like Father Damien in Hawaii, Father Testevinde has become a victim to his devotion, and has perished of the disease, the spread of which in Japan he has done so much to check and to arrest.

The tax of blood which constituted so important a feature of the Mosaic law in Biblical times is still, strange though it may appear, in full force in certain frontier districts of the Pyrenees. It was my good fortune some time ago to witness the ceremony of payment of the tax in question of one canton to the other. It occurred near the frontier town of Ossa, where it has taken place every year on the 13th of July since the twelfth century. Its origin dates back to an attack on, and massacre of the inhabitants of the Spanish valley of Roncal by the people of the French valley of Baritons. The inhabitants of Roncal finding themselves unable to avenge the murder of their relatives and friends, appealed to the Pope for redress, who, after according them a hearing, condemned the people of the valley of Baritons to pay in perpetuity an annual blood tax of three white heifers and a sum of moeney equivalent to about $400.

Very early on the morning of the 13th, all the roads leading toward Ossa were crowded with people hurrying to the meeting-place. The shepherds of the valley of Baritons, with their red waistcoats, the mayors and municipal councillors of the villages of Arrett, of Lanne, etc., with their tri-colored scarfs, the frontier guards, and the custom-house officers, and a number of village priests, preceded by a kind of herald bearing a white flag as a sign of their pacific intentions, came from the French side, and took up their position near the stone marking the boundary line between the two countries. From the Spanish side a procession was seen coming which was still more picturesque than the French one. The alcaldes of the several villages in the valley of Roncal wore a peculiar and rather striking costume, including a ruffled collar, a mantle, and ebony-tipped wands of office. They likewise were preceded by a herald bearing a red flag, this color being the symbol of justice. On reaching the boundary line each procession arranged itself at a few yards' distance from one another, and the alcalde of the Spanish village of Isaba cried aloud in Spanish:

"Do you wish peace?"

The French mayors replied in the same language:

"We do!" and in token of the sincerity of their sentiments, their herald laid his flag on the frontier stone. The Spanish herald thereupon approached and placed his red flag upon the French one, in such a manner that the two flag-staffs formed a cross. The French mayor of Arrett placed his right hand on the cross thus formed, and one of the Spanish alcaldes followed suit and laid his hand on that of the French mayor. The other mayors followed their example, a Spanish alternating with a French hand. The alcalde of Isaba came last, and placing his wand of office on the summit of this pile of hands, pronounced the ancient formula of the oath, which all swore to observe. When this had finished, the alcalde of Isaba cried aloud thrice: "Paz d'avans" (peace for the future).

Peace was therefore concluded afresh, and in order to ratify their abandonment of all ideas of vengeance, the Spanish carabineros and frontier guards, who, unlike their French comrades, had come fully armed, discharged their rifles and pistols into the air. Thereupon the tax, consisting of the money and three white heifers, was handed over by the French mayors to the alcalde of Isaba. After the official record had been drawn up by a notary public of Isaba, a banquet was given at the expense of the alcaldes of the valley of the Roncal. France and Spain were toasted and the ceremony was brought to a close by a dance.

I may add that similar ceremonies take place in other portions of the Pyrenees, notably in the valley of Lavedar. The whole scene, with these village mayors and alcaldes treating gravely on questions of peace and war between the two countries, reminded me irresistibly of a scene of opera comique, an impression which the queer costumes went far to confirm. My ideas on the subject were still further fortified when I witnessed the departure of the various guests—the French in the direction of the valley of Baritons, and the Spanish toward the valley of Roncal—all in an equally advanced condition of inebriation, and the mayors astride of donkeys, which were entirely in keeping with the Bacchic character of their condition.

MELBA IN THE ORGAN LOFT.

From The London Star.

Mme. Melba has been distinguishing herself in Paris. The great Australian prima donna, the "Echo de Paris" says, was engaged a few days since to sing at a grand wedding, but the Archbishop of Paris, like our own Cardinal Manning, refused to allow a lady to sing in a Roman Catholic church. This was a sad blow, but the great lady whom it annoyed was equal to the emergency. She prevailed upon Mme. Melba to hide herself behind the organ, and then put a lad, with a missal in his hand, to stand up in the choir and pretend to sing while the prima donna poured forth her enchanting notes. The ruse was an immense success.

GENERAL BOULANGER.

AS SON, FATHER, HUSBAND AND LOVER—MME. DE BONNEMAINS.

Paris, October 3.

The suicide of General Boulanger is the all-engrossing topic. The interest has been kept up by accounts of the preparations for the funeral; letters published in the papers to the Archbishop of Mechlin, who refuses to let his clergy officiate at the obsequies; the publication of his political testament, in which there are only heart-sobs and sentiments; and by accounts of his widow, his mother and his daily life at Brussels since the death, on July 15, of the Baroness de Bonnemains.

When I saw General Boulanger at Brussels in 1888, he struck me as being a little off his head, and talked wildly about his prospects, repeating often that he had faith and must be for that reason victorious. I asked him, Faith in what? He replied, in his star, and in the affection and the needs of the French people. He would cure the ills from which they suffer. This, I should add, was not exactly new. I met him on the night on which he was elected by a sweeping majority, and he spoke to the same effect. But the tone and manner were different. His faith in Paris seemed the fruit of elation. In Brussels it was expressed in a sad and angry voice, and there was lunacy in the eye and general demeanor. Mental alienation from his fellows had begun in 1888.

I knew General Boulanger well, and personally liked him. He was not a man of genius. Far from it. But he was as far from being a dunce. I thought him a good-hearted man, with no moral sense to speak of. Many of his impulses were good. For instance, he was a model son. To my knowledge he devoted every Sunday to his mother when he was War Minister. She lived then at Ville d'Avroy. He went out there in his carriage to take her to mass, drove her for a few hours, when the weather was fine, through the neighboring woods, dined with her, and remained late in the evening playing loto or some other game in which she took an interest. His respectful affection was a thing to go to one's heart. She was at this time upward of eighty, and in her dotage. Boulanger did not resemble her unless in an indescribable charm of manner—a quality for which he was most remarkable in prosperity.

His conduct to his wife was not that of a man who does his duty under all circumstances. But she was a woman to try a husband's temper. To begin with, she was just as vain as he was, but in a different way. Her self-consciousness kept her in a state of constant misery. She felt that she had a plain face and manners, and had no quality to enlist sympathy. When he was named Minister of War Madame Boulanger refused to appear at the official soirees. She did not want to measure herself with different ladies of the official world, remarkable for the smartness of their sumptuary style and the brilliant polish of their manners. He therefore received alone, and only gentlemen. She was also very bigoted, and was one of those French Catholics who imagine that the altar must, to prosper, be flanked by the throne. General Boulanger first broke away from her at the Hotel du Louvre, because the crowds of free-thinking Radicals who attended his levees there were shocked to see nuns, monks and priests all the time going to see her or coming from her parlor. She had a sad temper, the consequence of a bad liver, and set down to a higher morality than his and to religious feeling her gloomy disposition. The eldest daughter, who is with her at Versailles and intends to go into a convent, also suffered from chronic low spirits and inherited her mother's complaint. The younger daughter, Marcella, was a charming being, and looked as she advanced blushing at the effect produced by her own grace and beauty, like a young Aurora. Her wedding was a very grand affair and was attended by the Duchesse d'Uzes and her political friends. The person she married was for years her father's orderly officer and devoted to him. He was sent to Tunis when it was determined to stamp out Boulangism. This was a virtual proscription, his post being on the verge of the Sahara. The lovely young wife went with him. She has since had three children. Two, the climate being fatal to the infants of European parents, have died, and the third is said to be dying. Her father's suicide must be a fearful blow to her and her husband. They overlooked his faults, thinking only of his amiable and showy qualities.

Boulanger's sentimental suicide does not strike French women of any class, or the workingmen of Paris, as absurd, he having attained the ripe age of fifty-three. They justify his connection with Madame de Bonnemains and ask what else, death having robbed him of her, was he to do? There is no doubt that he loved her better than his life, and invested in her all his affections. She died of a lingering malady, consumption. Throughout his exile he was much more the sick nurse than the conspirator, though he conspired not a little. When he lost her he determined not to survive her long. She made him promise to follow her, and the last thing he wrote was an inscription for his tomb, in which he begged her pardon for having outlived her two and a half months.

You know all about General Boulanger as a military man and a political agitator. A sketch of the siren who dragged him to the tomb, a consumptive wreck of his former self, will be read with interest. Baroness de Bonnemains was a person of fortune, and the wife of a man of good position, from whom she was separated. She was in society when she was taken with the Boulangist fever. The General was a great friend of her brother-in-law and sister, Baron and Baroness de Mandras. When she was at Nice in 1887 she wrote to Madame de Mandras that she was dying to make the acquaintance of "le Brav' General," of whom all France was talking, and proposed that he should be asked to dinner to meet her. The curiosity was natural. Mme. de Mandras saw no harm in it, and when General Boulanger accepted the invitation apprized her sister of the date fixed for the dinner. The latter came by an express train to Paris and ordered a dress of Mme. Wetzel, the couturiere of the Czarina. She was triumphantly attractive in it. On her way to the dinner party she went to get herself photographed by electric light, and ordered half a dozen large-sized pictures. The evening passed off delightfully. Boulanger was stimulated by the coquetries of Mme. de Bonnemains, who was a most graceful being and derived an additional charm from the morbedezza of the disease that was stealing on her. She had extraordinary physical grace, a transparent skin, bright eyes made to look love and dressed with extraordinary chic and in a ladylike style. General Boulanger left before she did. Some days later he received one of the six photographs with these words written in gold ink, "Je l'dore. Marguerite." He called at her sister's, to thank her; found her there alone, and was bewitched.

As she was in society, he was careful not to give occasion to puritans to find fault with her. She was much less so, and became extremely exacting and jealous. When he did not often come to see her she was in despair. This was known to his enemies, and was the reason why he was sent by the Minister of War who succeeded him to Clermont Ferrand to command a division. That personage knew that Madame de Bonnemains could not go there. And if General Boulanger left his post without leave he would subject himself to severe disciplinary measures. All the chances were that she would insist upon his running every risk to obey her summonses. It would be easy to watch him in a little place like Clermont Ferrand. She went to Royat, some three miles distant, and he went to see her there, wearing blue spectacles, a slouched hat over his eyes, and pretending to be lame. He also went thus disguised to visit her in Paris. A Council of War was convened to try him for this breach of discipline, and he was condemned to a month's imprisonment in his room at Clermont Ferrand. The current charge against him was that if he disguised himself, it was the better to conspire. Out of regard for Madame de Bonnemains, he had to leave in unanswered. Madame de Bonnemains had irritable nerves, was subject to panics and terrors, and had a presentiment that Boulanger would come to a violent end. This was discovered through her servants whom the police employed to spy her. They filled her head with reports they heard about how the High Court was convened in order to sentence the General to be shot. Her anguish became unbearable, and to calm her fears, Boulanger fled with her to Brussels. She was happy there until the Duchesse d'Uzes came to the Hotel de Bellevue, near the Hotel Mengelle, where they were staying. The General insisted on her occupying a separate flat, and her name was set down as Miss Lucy Austin. She was supposed to be his daughter's English governess. Madame de Bonnemains looked English and spoke English without a foreign accent. He had previously gone with her and his daughter Marcella on a tour in Spain. The Baroness played the part throughout its course of the young lady's governess.

To keep the General all to herself, Madame de Bonnemains threw off all restraint in London and Jersey. They both set up in that island as housekeepers, hiring a beautiful little villa and fetching furniture from Paris. He also fetched his mother and a first cousin, a Miss Griffith. They had little Jersey society, but visitors were coming constantly from France. Among them were a M. and Madame Dutems. Madame Dutems was at school with Madame de Bonnemains in the same convent, and the friendship which began there had grown stronger as years rolled on. The French Code punishes the liaisons of married people by refusing any status to their children. Nor can their status be regularized, unless by fraud. They are outlaws in this respect and they have no claims on any one, and they cannot be placed under the tutelage of a family council. It sometimes happens that the parents get a married couple fraudulently to declare themselves (for, of course, a sum of money) the father and mother. It is thought that Madame Dutems and her husband went to Jersey about some such arrangement. At any rate the Baroness settled in dying a large part of her fortune on that lady, and made a gift which was a fortune in itself to an infant bearing her name.

Madame de Bonnemains would not allow Boulanger to go back to Paris to defy his enemies and stand his trial. He insisted on stealing back once. She came with him, but got so dangerously ill that he promised to go back and not again give her cause for misery. They left Jersey last May, and came to Brussels to be nearer to Paris and the south of Europe. They also wanted to be near a doctor skilled in treating tuberculosis. Mme. de Bonnemains was worn by the disease to a shadow. General Boulanger had taken it from her. She seemed last July to be mending. He then spoke of going back to Paris. She was seized with a nervous paroxysm, burst, in coughing, a blood-vessel of the right lung, and died in a few hours. He from that day seemed possessed by the idea of joining Marguerite, and kept the photograph on which she wrote "Je t'adore" on his heart. It was found under his waistcoat after he fell dead before her grave, which he daily visited with his arms filled with flowers. He got a tombstone placed above her with the words "A' Marguerite: July 14, 1891," and added in pencil on the white marble "A bientot." At first he used to come at 4 o'clock. But finding himself the object of curiosity he changed his hour and came at 5. When alone he talked to himself aloud, and fell into paroxysms of grief. If his mother, cousin or the Dutems were with him he was calmer. The last day he came at 11 o'clock. M. Dutems had followed him fast in a cab and arrived just in time to find him dead. The bullet passed diagonally through his head from the temple to the back.

General Boulanger's cousin, suspecting suicidal ideas, hid his firearms. Some days before his death she spoke freely to him, saying that her life was utterly wretched and must remain so unless he promised not to take his life. He said he would give her an answer later. She then remarked: "I am going away in October. Do pledge me your word not to commit suicide in that month." He answered: "I give you my word." He put an end to his life on September 30, after having first burned all his political correspondence and paid every tradesman's bill. Latterly he was quite emaciated. The eyes were sunk and ringed with purple, and he was wan and feeble. German agents were approaching him. He might have played a part in the event of a Franco-German war, and they wanted probably that he should play one to their advantage. It may have occurred to him that older, poorer and more solitary, he would be less able to resist temptation coming from them, and decided that neither his poverty nor his will should consent to treasonable participation with them.

E. C.

THE CHIEF DOMINICAN.

POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE RECENT ELECTION.

Rome, October 6.

The extraordinary interest which has been aroused not only in ecclesiastical but also in political circles by the election last week of a new General of the Order of Dominicans is due to the fact that the result thereof is considered as foreshadowing to a great extent the issue of the next Papal Conclave. The man who was deemed likely to be raised to the head of this order was its Vicar-General, Father Labore, who, besides being the Provincial of France, has been fulfilling the functions of General of the order at Rome since the death of the late Chief Father Larocca. Objections were raised both by the Italian and German Governments to his election on the ground of his French nationality, and it was in deference to these views that the delegates of the Italian, German, Austrian, Spanish, Belgian and English provinces formed a coalition and secured the choice of Father Andrew Fruewirth, the eloquent Provincial of the Austrian Dominicans. It is therefore believed that when the next Papal Conclave takes place the political views of the various European Governments will be taken into consideration by the members, and that a similar coalition may be formed against any candidate put forward by France. It is necessary specially to count upon the Italian Cardinals figuring in the coalition. For no matter how bitter the animosity, real or simulated, between Church and State at Rome, there is in the heart of every Italian a very bright spark of patriotism. The conflicts between the Vatican and the Quirinal are domestic quarrels, and there is no doubt in the eyes of the foremost statesmen of Europe that if Italy as a nation were attacked the clergy of every rank would be heart and soul in sympathy with the temporal Government. It seems therefore certain that the successor to Leo XIII will be a man agreeable below if not above the surface to the Italian Government and to its allies and friends.

The objections of the Italian Government and of the Triple Alliance to seeing a Frenchman elected to the chieftainship of the order of the Dominicans are easy to understand. In the first place, the General of the Dominicans has his residence at the Vatican, and by virtue of his office is also Master of the Pontifical Household. As such, he is daily drawn into the councils of His Holiness, and is thus able to be the power behind the papal throne. The confessor of Leo XIII is a Dominican monk, and the Pope's favorite author, whose works have formed the guiding star of his entire theological administration, is St. Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican.

Nor are the Dominican General and the Papal confessor the only influential members of the order among the immediate entourage of the Pope. For Cardinal Zighara, the favorite of His Holiness, and the man above all others whom he would wish to succeed him, is also a Dominican. He is one of those who, like the Pope, is in favor of an understanding between the Vatican and the Government, and is regarded with much favor at the Quirinal. He is fond of walking outside the walls of Rome, and, intentionally or not, frequently meets King Humbert and Queen Marguerite out driving. On these occasions he never fails to remove his hat and to salute them with the most marked courtesy. Although scarcely sixty years of age, he appears somewhat older. This is due to his habit of walking about with bowed head and leaning heavily on a crutch-handled stick. His mouth, like that of Leo XIII, is noteworthy for its appearance of strong will and determination; besides which there is the same suspicion of irony lurking about its corners. He is noted at the Vatican for his animosity toward France, a sentiment of which he has given many manifestations. The office which he holds at the Vatican is that of Prefect and President of the Congregation of Studies, and as such he is supposed to be the chief adviser of the Pontiff in all matters pertaining to doctrine, dogma and theory. If elected to succeed Leo XIII, he will be the fourth Dominican monk who has been raised to the Chair of St. Peter. Besides giving three Popes to the Catholic Church, the Dominican order has furnished eighty-four confessors to the monarchs of Spain, about sixty to the Kings of Portugal, sixteen to the Kings of France, and forty-eight to the Emperors of Austria and Germany. This, together with the fact that some of the most famous and most eloquent pulpit orators have worn the Dominican habit, may serve to convey an idea of its influence—an influence all the more vast because of the fact that, unlike other religious orders, it endeavors to keep abreast of the progress and enlightenment of the age.

Father Andrew Fruewirth, the new head of the order, is the youngest General that has ever been elected, being under forty-five years of age. He is noted not only in Austria but also at Rome for his pulpit eloquence, for his profound theological knowledge, and for his administrative ability.

THE SCOURGE OF RUSSIA.

THIRTY MILLION PEOPLE IN DANGER OF STARVATION.

St. Petersburg, October 1.

The great famine in Ireland was a scourge upon part of a people of five or six millions. The present famine in Russia is starvation for five or six times five or six millions. These figures give some faint idea of the magnitude of the calamity. Government officials report, not on rough estimate, but after careful investigation, that more than 32,000,000 people in European Russia are at this moment in danger of actual starvation; a danger that can be averted only by extraneous aid. It is as though half the people of the United States were absolutely destitute, having not a week's food in hand, and not a dollar to procure it with. Such a situation is without comparable precedent in modern history. That it is not only possible, but is an actual fact, suggests some extraordinary considerations regarding the social and industrial economy of the Empire and the responsibilities of the "paternal" Government. It is an anomaly, and it seems inexcusable, that such a famine should come to such a country, and it is only to be accounted for by some reason outside of the ordinary processes of nature.

In a vague sort of way Russia is thought of as a huge country, not thickly settled, and largely composed of wild forests and untilled plains. But this conception of it is far from the truth. Some one has called the Volga River the Mississippi of Russia, and the name is not inaptly given. Just as aptly the whole of Southern Russia might be compared with the basin of the Mississippi. It has not its railroads and other highways, its progress, intelligence and civilization. But it has its teeming population, its soil of inexhaustible richness, its abundant harvests, and, in the rough, all its vast potentiality of prosperous production. Nature has done her best, and if the country has not come up to the standard of nature, the blame must be laid elsewhere. The whole region is fitted, not for starvation, but for feeding the world. The fact is that the great farming regions of Southern Russia are comparable only with those of the Western United States in extent and fertility. In the Don Cossack country one may ride for miles across a single farm, or ranche, as the American would call it. Wheat fields of 20,000 acres in one unbroken expanse are not uncommon. And the live stock is correspondingly numerous. On a Cossack estate one may find many hundreds of horses, fine blooded animals; the droves of kine are past all numbering; and to have 1,000,000 sheep on a single pasture is not deemed extraordinary. The yield per acre from these grain fields compares not unfavorably with that in Dakota and California. If the land were tilled as intelligently as in America it would be fully as productive. And the forage grasses of the pasture plains are as rich and abundant as any in the world.

The blight of all this splendid region may be described in two words: ignorance and fatalism. It is the policy of the Czar's Government to keep the people ignorant. Never since teaching slaves to read was a penal offence in the Southern United States has there been such a systematic and relentless suppression of popular intelligence as in Russia to-day. The principle on which the Government acts is to make education proportionate to wealth. The result is, of course, that the masses of the people, who have no property, are denied all privileges of instruction. So the peasantry in what should be the garden of all Europe are almost as stupid as the clods they tread upon, and as lost to modern progress as the denizens of mid-Africa. Amid these boundless wheat-fields, one sees them driving in primitive carts such as were used in the time of Peter the Great. In their homes they have no more of comfort or refinement than the Sioux in a Montana tepee.

Nor can fatalism be found, more hopeless and more baneful in Stamboul itself than among the Russian people. Whatever evils fall upon them they cry, "It is the will of God!" and they go straight on in the old way, inviting and insuring a recurrence of the self-same evil. Such a thing as learning from experience is utterly unknown. The single instance of fires will show the deadly extent of this trait. Fire is the perennial curse of Russia. The villages are all made of wood, and all the houses are so connected that a fire in one is almost certain to sweep away the whole village. There are large towns that have for generations been totally destroyed every few years. One house catches fire, and the whole town goes, like a row of tumbling-blocks. The people rush into the street, ring the bells, bewail their loss, and cry, "It is God's will!" When the fire has burned itself out they rebuild the town. But one could as well persuade water to flow up hill as to get them to take precautions against future conflagrations by building houses detached from each other, or of less combustible material than wood and straw. It is the will of God, they think, that the town shall be periodically consumed. So, if through their own stupidity or neglect any other calamity befall them, it is the will of God. Nay, the status quo is itself the will of God. If God wanted them to have good roads, He would provide them; for men to alter what God has given them is impiety. And so they hug their ignorance and squalor to their hearts, and the fires, and the floods, and the famine, and content themselves with repeating the parrot-cry "It is the will of God!"

And so it comes to pass, as Soltykoff has said, that the Russian peasant wears boots of bast instead of leather, does not even know what a bed is, never eats meat or butter, but plods on as stupidly and as hopelessly as his oxen. "They come into the world like insects, and die like summer flies." Wretched as he is, the Russian peasant is so hardened, so callous, that he scarcely seems to realize his condition. Only the most extreme provocation can rouse his spirit. A few weeks ago, the sight of thousands of bushels of grain being shipped out of the country did madden him, and there was a wild outbreak of wrath. But even that has now subsided. The cry was raised that it was the Jewish speculators who were exporting grain, and so the wrath of the populace was deftly turned upon the much-suffering Children of Israel. The truth is that no Jews were concerned in the grain shipments at all. The speculators were, every one of them, Orthodox Greek Christians.

The only available food of some millions of people is now what is called "hunger bread." The only ingredient of this that bears any relation to proper food consists of mill-sweepings and mill-yard scrapings. The latter is simply the upper layer of the ground surrounding the mill. It contains, of course, a certain percentage of flour and grain, that has been trampled into the soil, but which has become almost entirely rotten. The remainder of the "hunger-loaf" is made up of the bark of trees, moss, and the leaves and roots of various weeds. Even for this vile stuff the starving people have to pay more than the usual price of wholesome bread. How wholesome the "hunger-loaf" is may be imagined from the fact that farmers will not feed the mill-sweepings—its best ingredient—to their cattle, because, as they say, it causes spasms and bloating and fatal diseases, and does not even temporarily satisfy the cravings of hunger. And yet that is the only food that is being put into millions of human stomachs. Worse than this, in many places this "hunger-food" is made entirely without a trace of grain, its component parts being bark, chopped straw, pig-weed, and the powdered excrement of cattle. This is the only food of millions.

There is much talk about the benevolent efforts of the Government and the nobility. Various wealthy people, provincial governors, and others, have "hunger-bread" placed on their tables every day. That is to say, they have loaves of coarse black bread, made of ground peas, bark, etc., ostentatiously displayed on platters of fine china. And while they are eating the choicest of white bread, they look curiously at the loathsome black mass, and say, "That's the stuff the peasants have to eat!" The army officers here have stopped drinking champagne and a great flourish of trumpets is made over the fact. But they have merely substituted other wines, equally costly. In fact, there is in St. Petersburg society little indication of real sympathy with the starving myriads of the provinces. It is true that the Government is giving millions of roubles to relieve the distress. It is also unhappily true that gross scandals have already arisen concerning the distribution of this fund, several cases of wholesale fraud having occurred.

Moreover, while the Government gives with one hand it smites with the other. The tax-gatherers are uncommonly busy in the famine-stricken provinces. They demand from people who are actually dying of hunger the full payment of all taxes. If the demand is not immediately complied with, the knout is brought into requisition. And then the last poor remains of the delinquent's property are confiscated. In one village, for example, the tax-gatherers seized every chicken that was to be found, some 300 in all. The Russian papers themselves report these things. According to the "Nedelya," in one place, where the people were exceptionally destitute, confiscation of all property was not sufficient to cover the taxes. So the collector had fifty of the people severely flogged with the knout and sent to prison. Then he reported to the Government what he had done. A few days afterward he was himself arrested and locked up. Why? "For lack of zeal!" That is to say, he did not flog enough people, or did not flog them severely enough.

In a month or six weeks at most, it is calculated, the wretched resources of "hunger-food" even will be exhausted, and the famine will reach its culmination. The case is unspeakably terrible now. What it will be then defies imagination.

NOTES FROM VIENNA.

A FALLEN PRELATE—THE EMPEROR'S PICTURES.

Vienna, October 6.

The official and ecclesiastical degradation of an Archbishop and Metropolitan, and his incarceration on charges of a criminal nature, is an act of discipline which few governments have ever been called upon to perform. Indeed, the course which the Imperial Austrian Government has just been forced to adopt with regard to Monsignor Dionysius, the Metropolitan of Bosnia and Herzegovina, is almost without precedent. Among the least serious of the offences from a common law point of view, but to which the ecclesiastical authorities attach the greatest importance, is the fact that the Archbishop had organized a regular divorce mill in the Archiepiscopal palace. Divorce is discountenanced by the Orthodox Church, which regards it with almost as much disfavor as the Roman Catholic Church does, and dissolution of the marriage vows is only accorded in rare cases. Archbishop Dionysius, however, has for the last eight or ten years been selling decrees of divorce, granted on the most trivial and frivolous of pretexts, and has obtained large sums of money therefrom. Among the other charges against him are those of forgery and embezzlement on the most extensive scale. His predicament arouses no sympathy on the part of his clergy, for, prior to the Congress of Berlin, when Bosnia and Herzegovina were still under Turkish rule, he brought a number of false and malicious charges against two of the most respected and beloved Archimandrites, which resulted in their being imprisoned for several years by the Ottoman authorities in the horrible penal settlement of Fezzan.

All Americans who take any interest whatever in pictures will rejoice to learn that the Emperor has caused his collection of old masters, the richest in Europe, to be transferred from the old Belvedere Palace, in the outskirts of the city, to the new Art Museum on the Ringstrasse. The Belvedere Palace is badly lighted, distant from all the hotels, and difficult of access, and it is doubtless owing to these facts that the treasures which it contains are so little known. Yet the collection which has been housed there for the past two centuries contains many of the choicest pictures in the World, the Imperial House of Austria having taken advantage of the long possession of the Netherlands and Spain to secure not only most of the chef d'oeuvres of the Flemish and Spanish schools, but also the principal gems of the collection formed by King Charles I of England. Among the paintings hitherto preserved at the Belvedere Palace, but which now hang on the walls of the newly opened Art Museum, are thirty-five Titians, including the famous "Ecce Homo" and "Danae Receiving the Golden Rain." There are also thirty-two of the finest works of Tintoretto, twenty-nine of Paul Veronese, four of Correggio, thirteen of Velasquez, eight of Albrecht Durer, seven of Holbein, seven of Rembrandt, twenty-seven of Vandyke, and forty-four of Rubens—one of which is the head of the Medusa, a picture which produces so strong an impression on those who behold it that it is hung alone in a separate room. It shows a face on which are rendered all the terrors and anguish of a violent death, surrounded by a mass of writhing adders that form the hair, and by wriggling vermin springing from the blood that pours from the mouth and severed throat.

THE SHAH'S NEW SON.

From The London Daily News.

Some weeks ago a youth of twenty to twenty-one years old, dressed as a peasant, arrived at Teheran, and after wandering for a day or two presented himself at one of the Shah's palace doors, and asked to be introduced to Prince Naib-es-Sultaneh, his brother. The porters and the servants, thinking that he was out of his mind, began to chaff him. The youth persisting in his demand of seeing the Prince, the servants got out of temper, and drove him away. He then told them that they would repent of their rudeness, because he was Shahzadeh (Shah's son). Naib-es-Sultaneh, having somehow heard of the incident, sent for the youth. When the latter arrived the Prince asked him how he daredto call himself a Shahzadeh. "Because I am the son of the Shah," answered the peasant. "Shah's son! How?" "When the Shah," said the youth, "on his pilgrimage to Kerbella, some twenty-one years ago, alighted in our village, he saw my mother, then a young girl, who pleased him and found grace in his eyes. His Majesty made 'Sigheh' her. ("Sigheh" is a temporary marriage contracted for a specified time. It may be for a few hours or for many years. Children born from the "Sigheh" have the same rights with those born from "Azhd," or proper marriage.) On leaving the place the Shah gave my mother a 'Destkhet' and a 'Nishaneh' (a royal writ and a token), and told her, 'If a boy is born let him come to me with these tokens, and I will acknowledge him.'" Upon this the youth drew out of his pocket a paper and a signet, and handed them to the Naib-es-Sultaneh. The Prince found the paper to be in the King's own handwriting, and the signet to have formerly belonged to the royal treasury. On close examination of the youth's physiognomy he observed that some lineaments of his face greatly resembled those of the Shah. Naib-es-Sultaneh believed the youth's story, and after dressing him in a princely manner presented him to the King. His Majesty, on hearing the young man's statement, recollected the event, and observed the resemblance which the youth bore to himself. He ordered that the youth should henceforth be acknowledged as Shahzadeh, everything be supplied for his princely maintenance, and masters be appointed to give him a proper education.

A SUCCESSOR OF NEWTON.

From The London Star.

Sir George Gabriel Stokes, who is till he retires senior member for Cambridge University, is one of the most distinguished mathematicians of his day. He is an old man in the "seventies," below the medium height, with snow-white hair and a very high forehead. Sir George is president of the Royal Society, an office which was held by the famous Sir Isaac Newton, who was also member for the University of Cambridge. These two positions, which have never been held by one individual since the time of Newton, are now, after the lapse of upward of two centuries, happily combined in Sir George.

To carry the analogy further, Newton never once spoke in Parliament, while Sir George, although an assiduous sitter-out of debates, has during his five years of Parliamentary life addressed the House on two or three occasions only. It is not generally known that Sir George Stokes is an Irishman. His father, a distinguished graduate of Trinity College, was rector of Screen, about seven miles from the town of Sligo. With such antecedents Sir George may be considered an hereditary Conservative. His Toryism is indeed of the mildest and most unobtrusive type, and he is universally admired and respected.

A GLASGOW BELL.

From The London Daily News.

Probably the longest inscription on any bell in the country is that which J. S. Haddell takes from the bell in Glasgow Cathedral. It is dated 1790, and is as follows: "In the year of grace, 1594, Marcus Knox, a merchant in Glasgow, zealous for the interests of the Reformed religion, caused me to be fabricated in Holland for the use of his fellow-citizens in Glasgow, and placed me with solemnity in the tower of their cathedral. My function was announced by the impress on my bosom—'Ye who hear me come to learn of holy doctrine'; and I was taught to proclaim the hours of untrined time. One hundred and ninety-five years had heeded time. One hundred and ninety-five years had sounded their awful warnings when I was broken by the hands of inconsiderate and unskilful men. In the year 1790 I was cast into the furnace, refounded at London, and returned to my sacred vocation. Reader! thou shalt also know a resurrection—may it be unto eternal life."